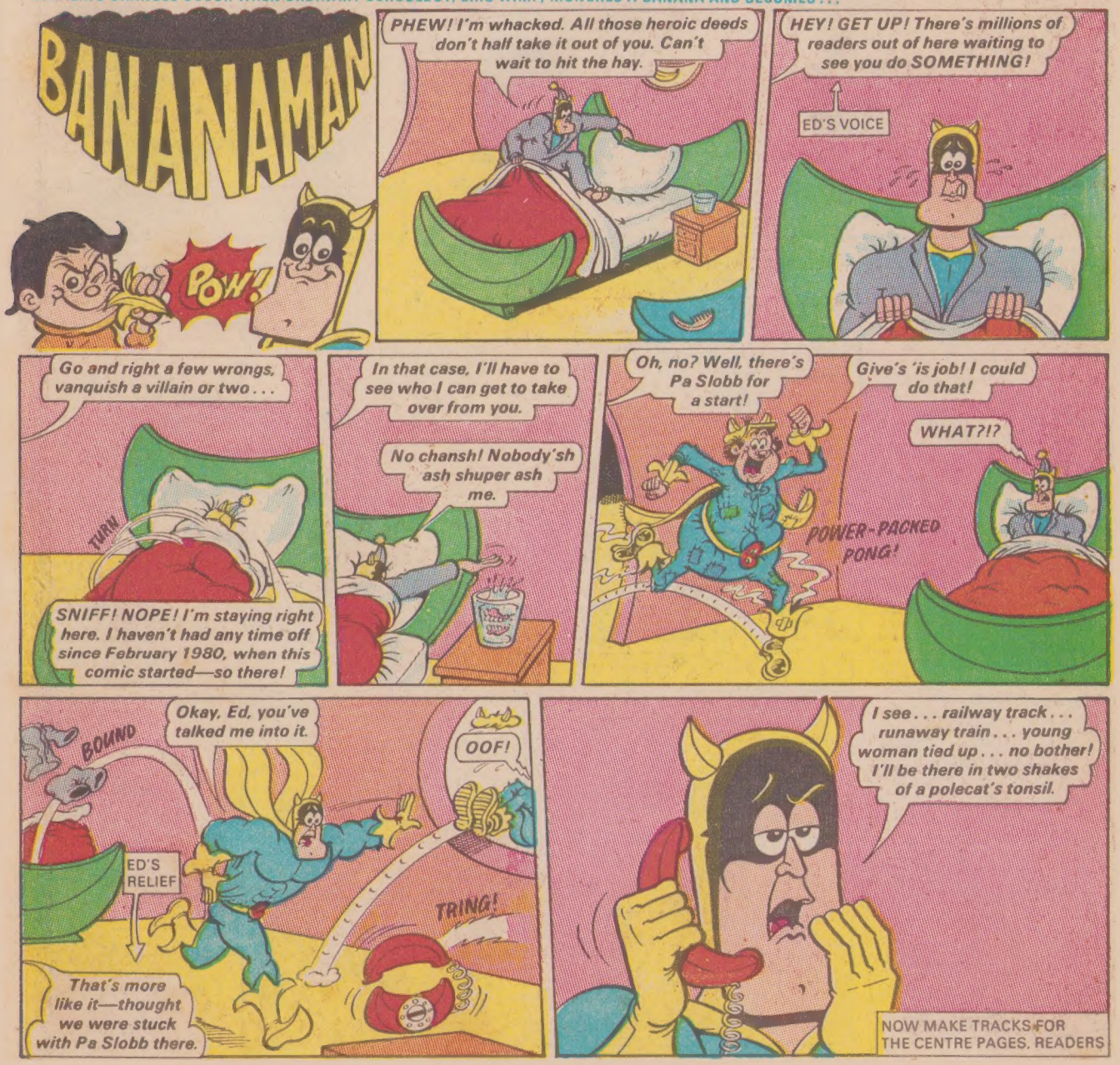
BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 14

NUTTY

IR 23p (Inc. VAT)

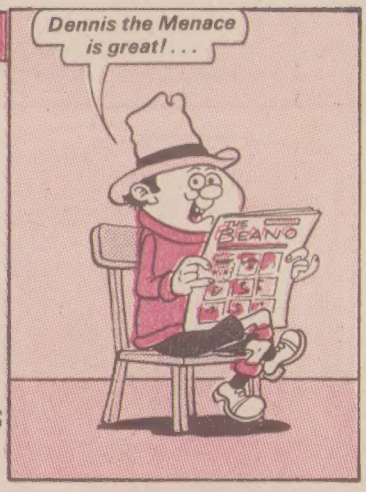
No. 186 September 3rd, 1983 EVERY SATURDAY 16p

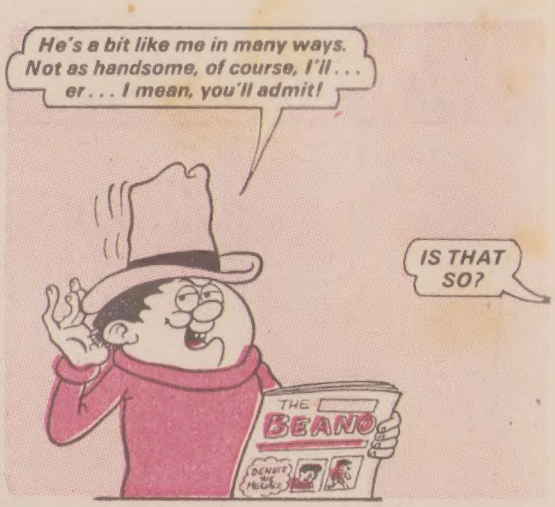
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

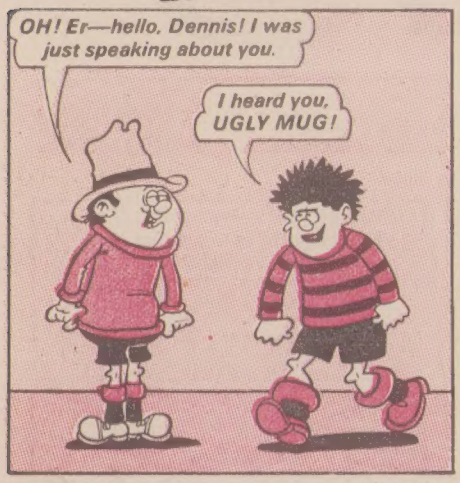

BANANAMAN
POW!
PHEW! I'm whacked. All those heroic deeds don't half take it out of you. Can't wait to hit the hay.
HEY! GET UP! There's millions of readers out of here waiting to see you do SOMETHING!
ED'S VOICE
Go and right a few wrongs, vanquish a villain or two . . .
TURN
SNIFF! NOPE! I'm staying right here. I haven't had any time off since February 1980, when this comic started—so there!
In that case, I'll have to see who I can get to take over from you.
No chansh! Nobody'sh ash shuper ash me.
Oh, no? Well, there's Pa Slobb for a start!
Give's 'is job! I could do that!
WHAT?!?
POWER-PACKED PONG!
BOUND
Okay, Ed, you've talked me into it.
OOF!
ED'S RELIEF
TRING!
That's more like it—thought we were stuck with Pa Slobb there.
I see . . . railway track . . . runaway train . . . young woman tied up . . . no bother! I'll be there in two shakes of a polecat's tonsil.
NOW MAKE TRACKS FOR THE CENTRE PAGES, READERS

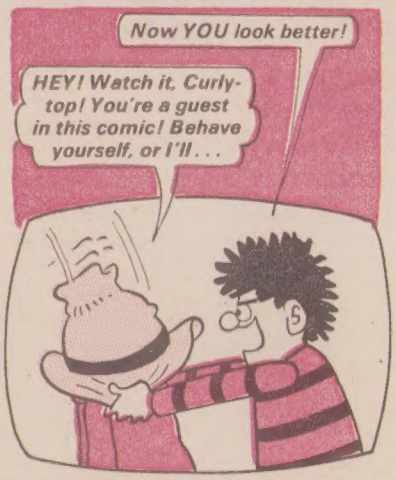
JAY R. HOOD

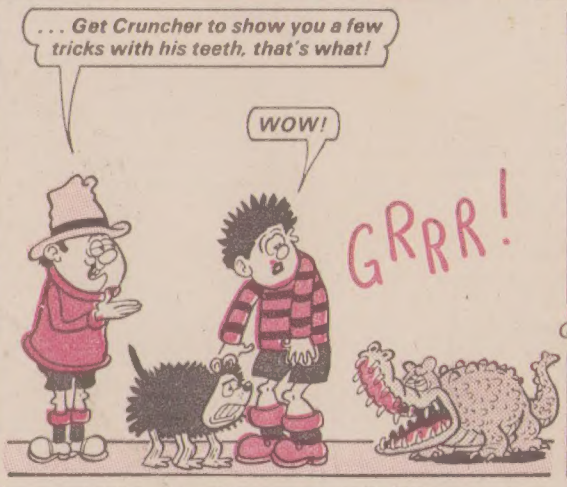
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

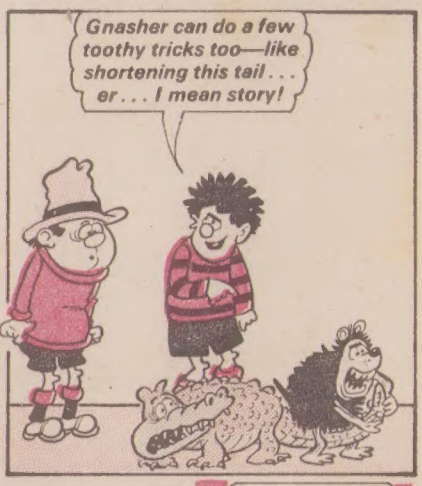










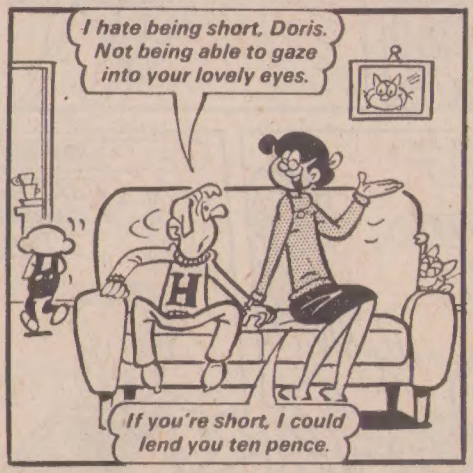


PETER Pest

Hi, Sis! Hi, Tich!
TICH!!!
His name is HUGH.

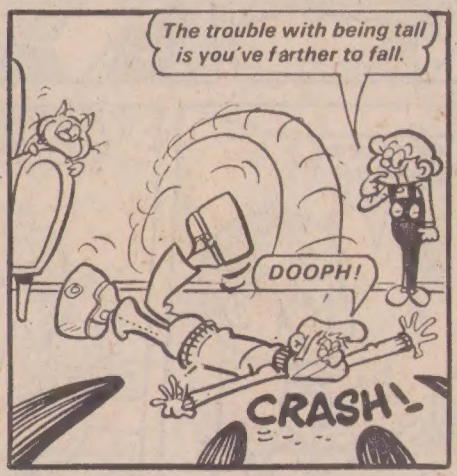
I'm going! I didn't come here to be insulted about my height.
GRAB
No, you're not. Peter's very sorry—AREN'T YOU?
Er, yes, Sis!

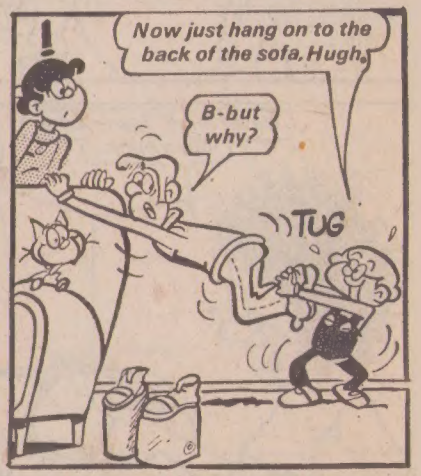
Do take your shoes off, Hugh, and climb up on the sofa.
Hmph! Okay!


I hate being short, Doris. Not being able to gaze into your lovely eyes.
If you're short, I could lend you ten pence.

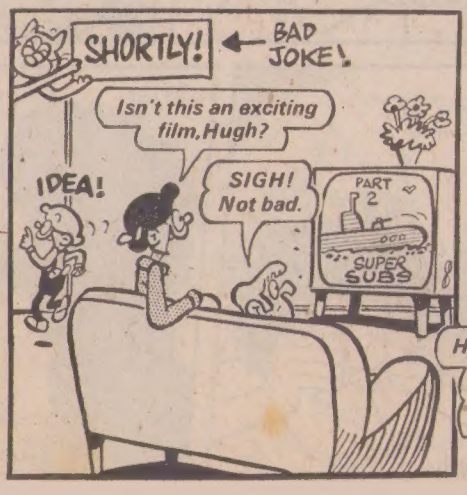
WHAM! BANG! BAM!
EEK! What's that?
Sounds awful!

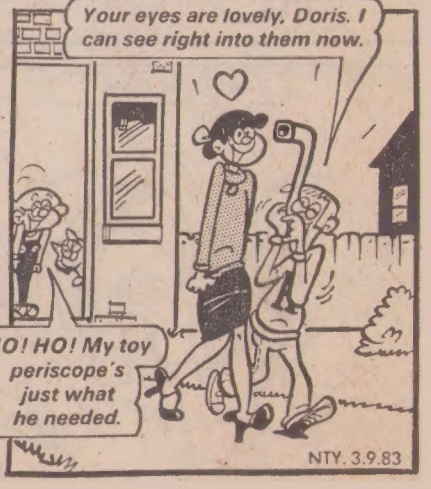
There you are, Hugh, I've made you into an instant giant.
Coo!


The trouble with being tall is you've farther to fall.
DOOPH!
CRASH!


Now just hang on to the back of the sofa, Hugh.
B-but why?
TUG

A few stretching exercises will increase your height, Hugh.
HOWL! Stop pulling my leg!
S-TE-E-TCH!
PETER!


SHORTLY!
BAD JOKE!
Isn't this an exciting film, Hugh?
IDEA!
SIGH! Not bad.
PART 2
SUPER SUBS


Your eyes are lovely, Doris. I can see right into them now.
HO! HO! My toy periscope's just what he needed.
NTY. 3.9.83

The Snobbs And the SLOBBS

. . . Happy birthday, dear Stanleee— Happy birthday to you-ooo-oou!
WOW! Ta!
No, you don't!
GNASH!
SNATCH
We could only afford to RENT this one.
Open yer prezzies then. Me an' Ma got yer a SOLDIER MAN!
GREAT!
It's . . . it's EMPTY!
WHAT! He's a DESERTER! Call the military police. Treason, I call it!
Cunning old devil!
Never mind, Stan—here, open mine.
Let me guess what it is first.
Sounds like a . . . a . . . a SOMETHING!
SQUEEZE
PINCH
Oo-er!
Now let me think . . .
OH, NO!
RATTLE!
SHAKE
It was my collection of 100 year old eggs.
PHEW!
FOUL FUMES

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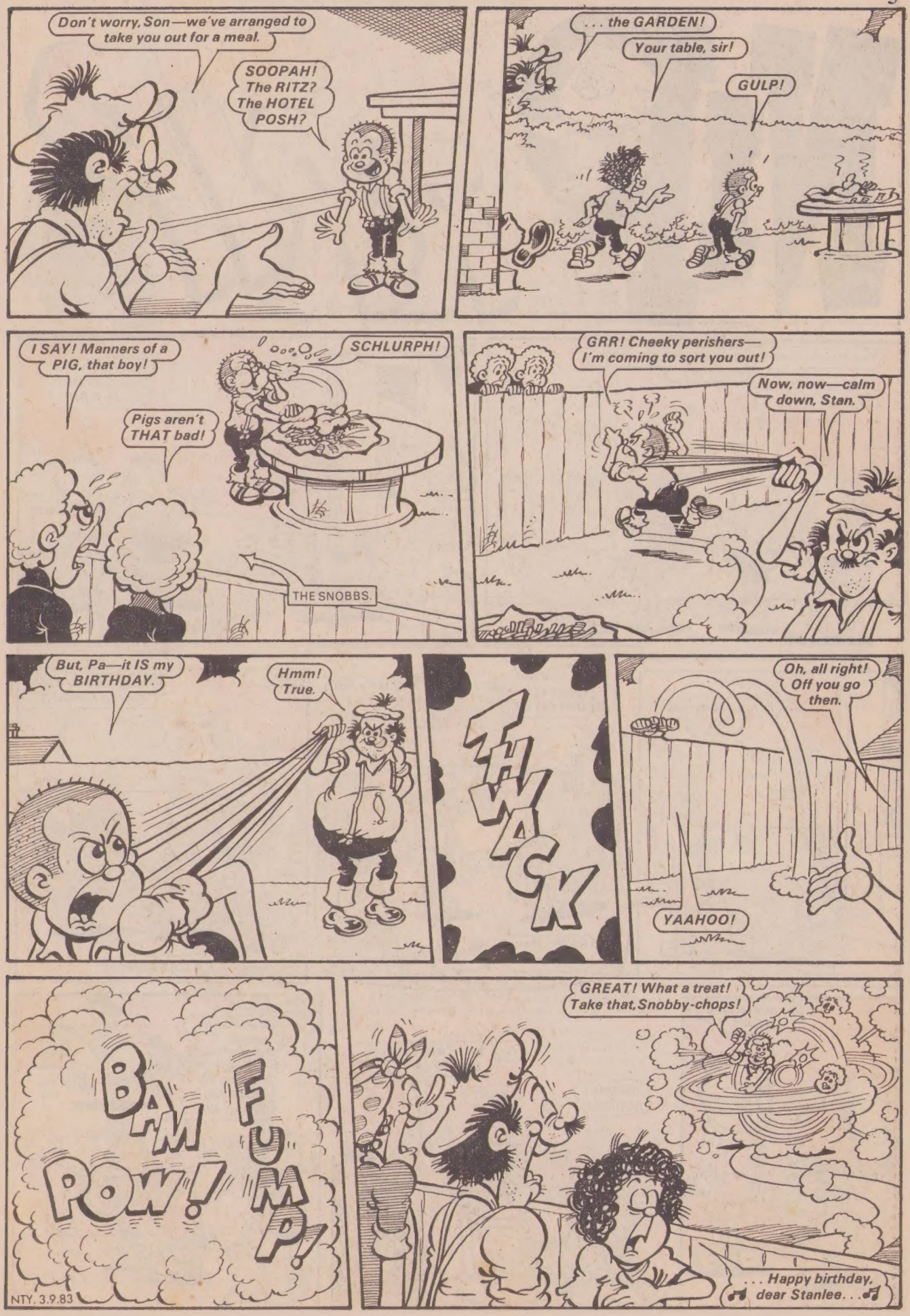
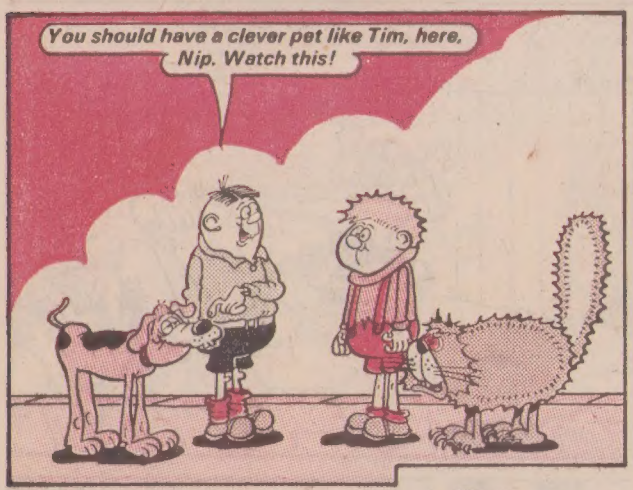
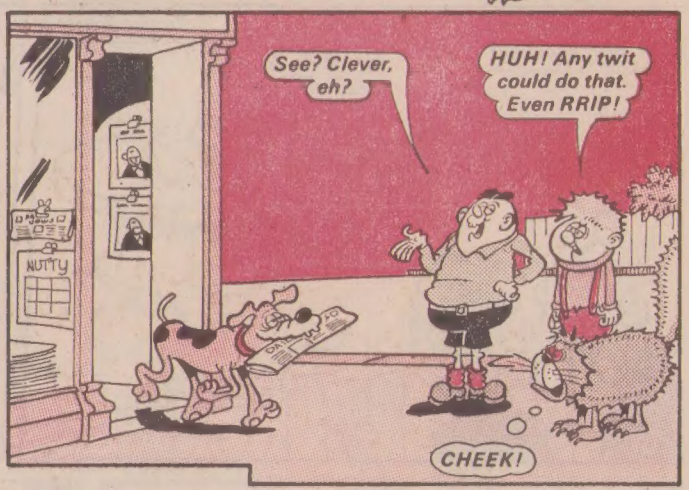

Don't worry, Son—we've arranged to take you out for a meal.
SOOPAH! The RITZ? The HOTEL POSH?
. . . the GARDEN!
Your table, sir!
GULP!
I SAY! Manners of a PIG, that boy!
SCHLURPH!
Pigs aren't THAT bad!
THE SNOBBS.
GRR! Cheeky perishers—I'm coming to sort you out!
Now, now—calm down, Stan.
But, Pa—it IS my BIRTHDAY.
Hmm! True.
THWACK
Oh, all right! Off you go then.
YAAHOO!
BAM
FUMP!
POW!
NTY. 3.9.83
GREAT! What a treat! Take that, Snobby-chops!
. . . Happy birthday, dear Stanlee. . .

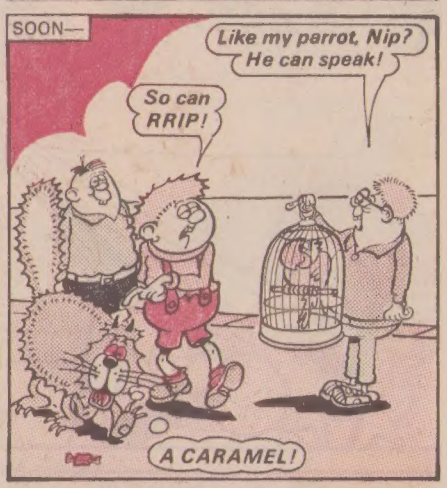
NIP and RRIP


You should have a clever pet like Tim, here, Nip. Watch this!


See? Clever, eh?
HUH! Any twit could do that. Even RRIP!
NUTTY
CHEEK!

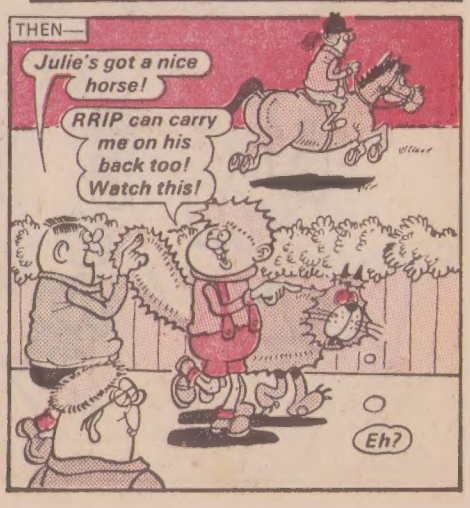
Fetch me a paper, Boy!
Don't you "BOY" me, Pal!

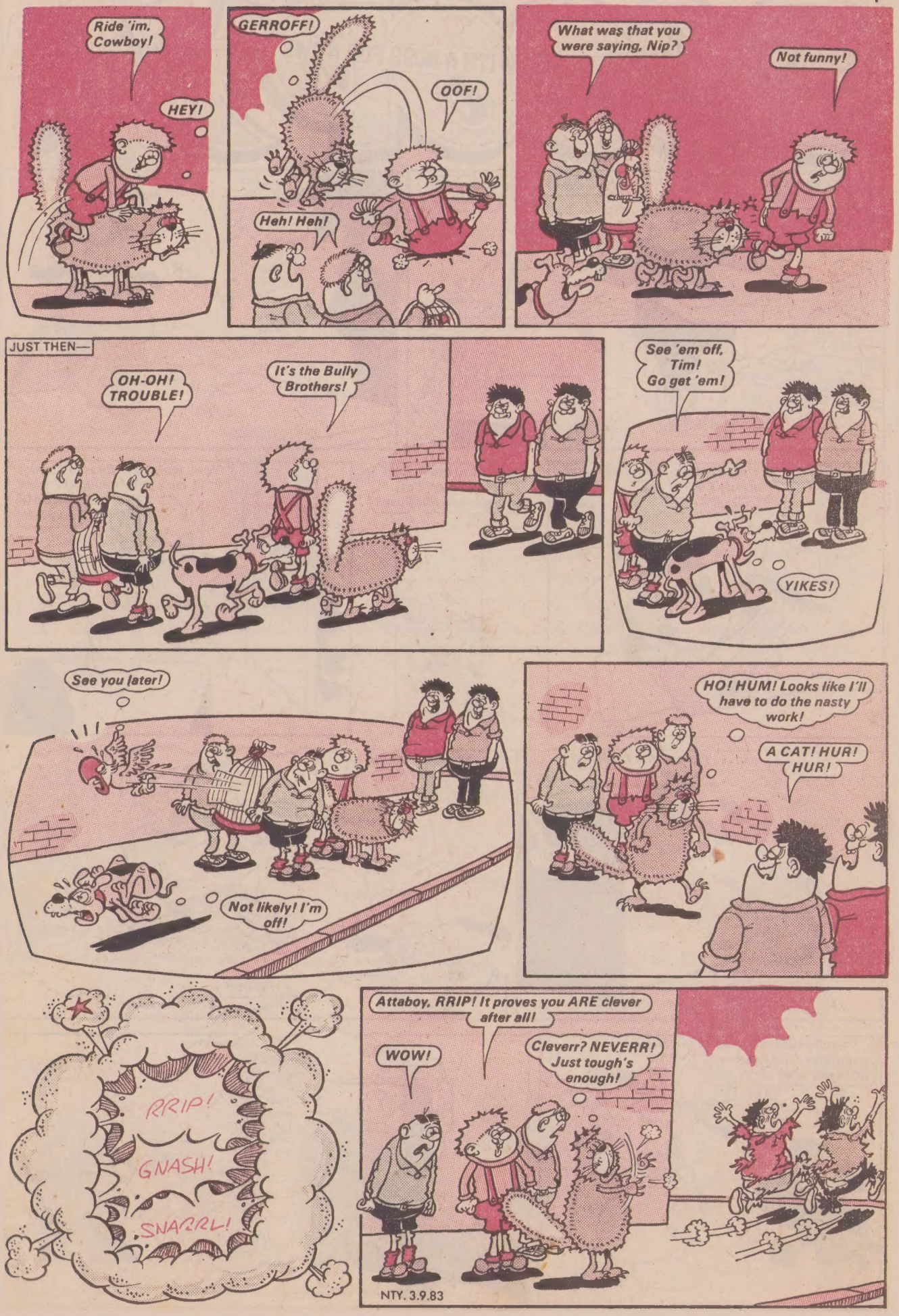
Here you are, Masster! MYUK! MYUK!
Ho! Ho! He's not meant to EAT the newspaper, Nip!
RRIP! How could you?


SOON—
Like my parrot, Nip? He can speak!
So can RRIP!
A CARAMEL!

Say something, RRIP!
EH?
CHEW! CHOMP!
NTY. 3.9.83

MMMF! MMMM!
Har! Har! RRIP sure is a DUMB cat!
TCH!
STUCK


THEN—
Julie's got a nice horse!
RRIP can carry me on his back too! Watch this!
Eh?

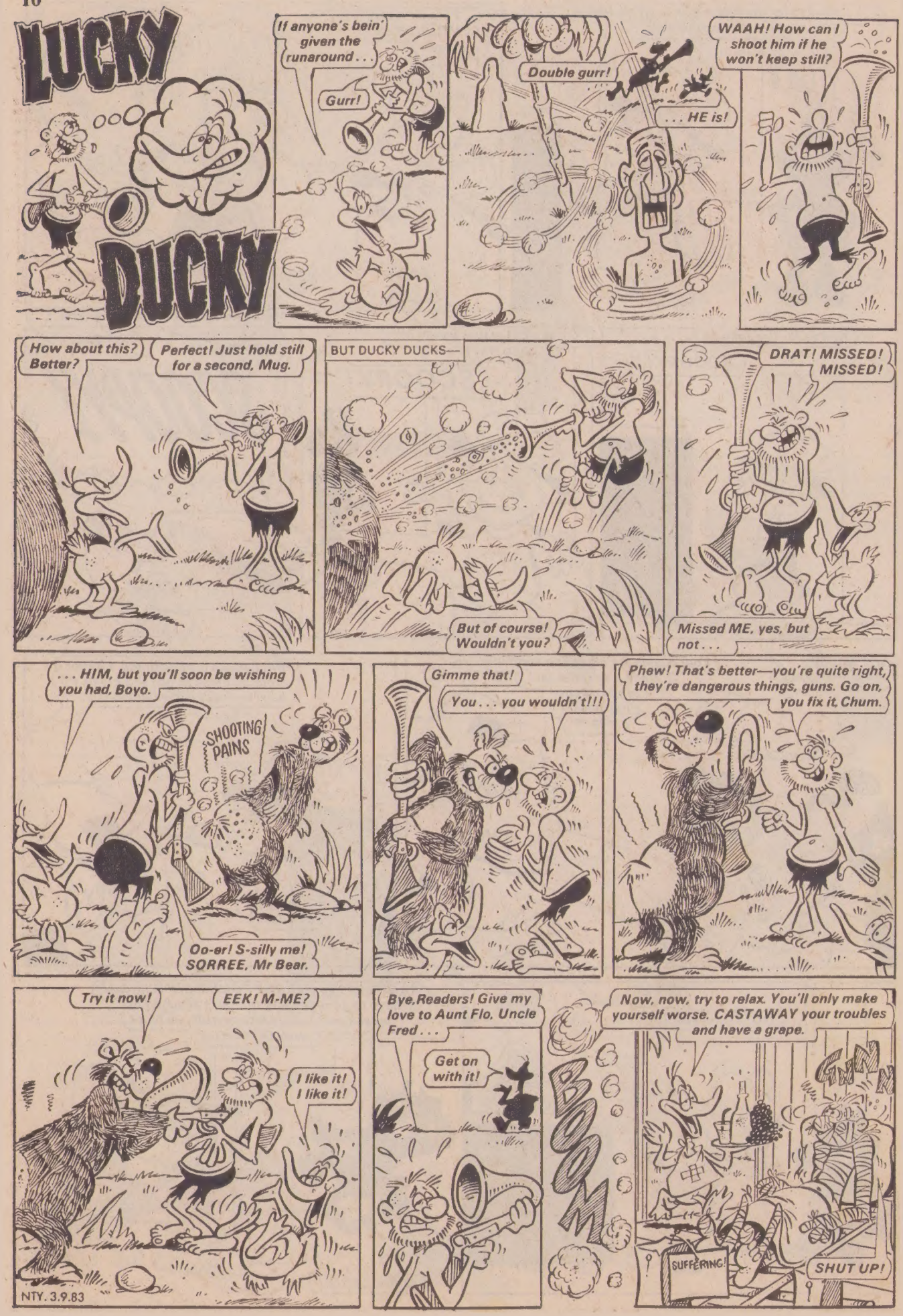

Ride 'im, Cowboy!
HEY!
GERROFF!
OOF!
Heh! Heh!
What was that you were saying, Nip?
Not funny!
JUST THEN—
OH-OH! TROUBLE!
It's the Bully Brothers!
See 'em off, Tim! Go get 'em!
YIKES!
See you later!
Not likely! I'm off!
HO! HUM! Looks like I'll have to do the nasty work!
A CAT! HUR! HUR!
RRIP!
GNASH!
SNARRL!
Attaboy, RRIP! It proves you ARE clever after all!
WOW!
Cleverr? NEVERR! Just tough's enough!
NTY. 3.9.83

SCOOP!

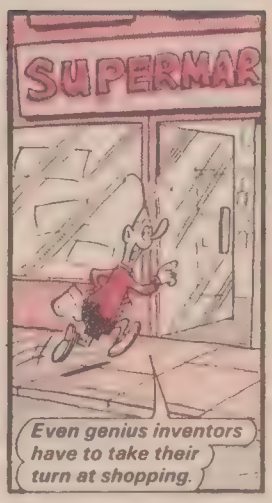
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

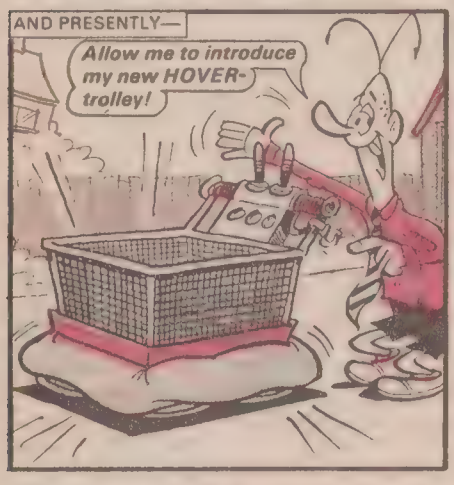
Here's yours, Steve, yours, Moira!...
OO! TA!
HOORAY! Here comes the pay man!
PAY
THUD!
THUD!
GOSH! I don't like the look of that!
FLUTTER
FLUTTER
PAY
AARGH! It's empty! Totally, completely and utterly EMPTY!
GRR! I'm really mad about that! I'm going to see the Boss!
Now, look here, Boss! This just isn't good enough! I must have SOME pay left!
I mean... I know that I crashed your car...
HMM!
... But the damage wasn't all THAT bad... WAS IT?
DOH!
... And what happened to the office computer really wasn't MY fault at all...
HMMM?
WAH! HELP!
NTY. 3.9.83

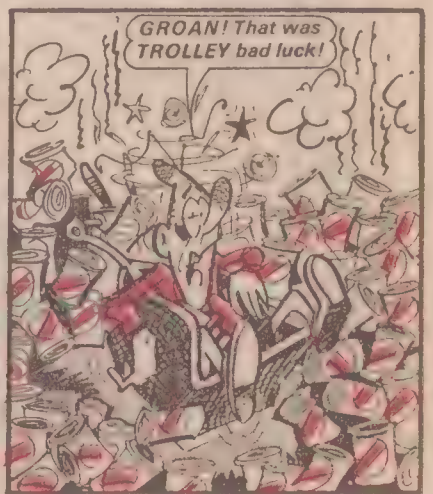
. . . And as for my typewriter . . . Well, that's hardly worth mentioning . . .
. . . I mean, it was CENTURIES old, anyway!
WAH!
. . . And as for the tea-vending machine . . .
And as for the damage to . . .
SCOOPY!
. . . Well, that was hardly MY fault, was it? . . .
SCOOPY!
SCOOPY!
Yes, Boss?
Your wages are here! The computer made a mistake, so I made up your pay packet myself!
SCOOPY
PAY
G-GULP!
But I made a mistake too. I forgot about all those things you broke. I'll have to make a few deductions . . .
S-steady on, B-Boss!
SCOOPY
HERE!
OO! Thank you, sir!
SCOOPY
PAY
NTY. 3.9.83
BAH! Now I've only ONE POUND left! Why did I have to go reminding the Boss about all my breakages? I could kick myself—in fact I will! OOYAH!
MYUK-MYUK!


LUCKY DUCKY
If anyone's bein' given the runaround . . .
Gurr!
Double gurr!
. . . HE is!
WAAH! How can I shoot him if he won't keep still?
How about this? Better?
Perfect! Just hold still for a second, Mug.
BUT DUCKY DUCKS—
But of course! Wouldn't you?
DRAT! MISSED! MISSED!
Missed ME, yes, but not . . .
. . . HIM, but you'll soon be wishing you had, Boyo.
SHOOTING PAINS
Oo-er! S-silly me! SORREE, Mr Bear.
Gimme that!
You . . . you wouldn't!!!
Phew! That's better—you're quite right, they're dangerous things, guns. Go on, you fix it, Chum.
Try it now!
EEK! M-ME?
I like it! I like it!
NTY. 3.9.83
Bye, Readers! Give my love to Aunt Flo, Uncle Fred . . .
Get on with it!
BOOM
Now, now, try to relax. You'll only make yourself worse. CASTAWAY your troubles and have a grape.
SUFFERING!
SHUT UP!

WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR







BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

STRANGE! It's the TRAIN that's tied to the track.

And the GIRL is hurtling towards IT out of control. Oh, well—at least it's different.

JUGGERNAUT JOGGER

Whoa there, My Beauty.

SNORT!

SQUEAL! BANANAMAN! Don't you recognise me? You judged me last in a Bonnie Baby contest.

OOF! Yes, I think you're JOGGING my memory now.

SOON—

HELP!

What now? There's no rest for the wonderful!

My parachute won't open. HELP!

I'd imagine that could be a trifle annoying.

ANNOYING TRIFLE

Here, let me have a look at it.

SNAP!

AAIEE!

There, it seems fine to me.

AAARGH!

BLEGH!

Look! A STY diver!

SPLUDGE!

There you are, sir —another job well done. You'll never forget what I did for you, will you, sir?

SNARL! NEVER!

That's enough valiant deeds for one day. Suppose I'd better check if there's been any recorded messages for me while I've been out.

Break-in at Trinkets the Jeweller's. Break-in at Trinkets the Jeweller's.

DRAT! Pesky gadget.

I'll deserve some time off after the day I've had. My cape's killing me.

Not so fast, Boys!

Let's go, Butch!

WOW! They don't make van doors like they used to.

WRENCH!

CRIKEY, WATCHES! Thank goodness they didn't pinch GRANDFATHER CLOCKS!

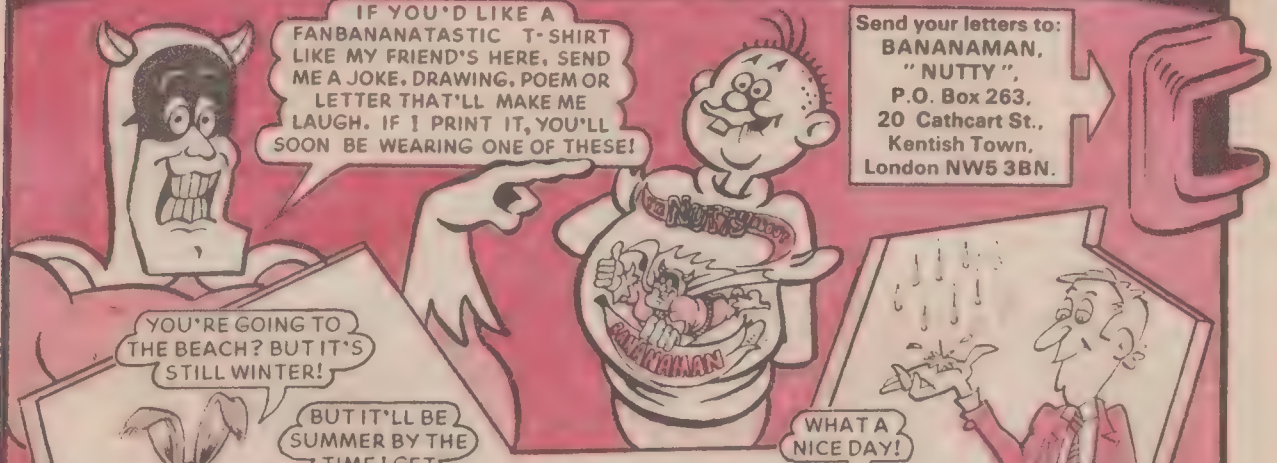
CRUMPH!

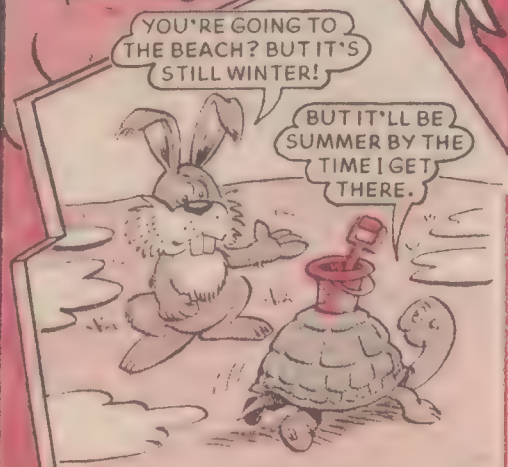
NTY. 3.9.83

You can take as much TIME OFF as you like now. HAR! HAR!

Just WATCH it!

BANANAMAN'S PILLARBOX!


IF YOU'D LIKE A FANBANANATASTIC T-SHIRT LIKE MY FRIEND'S HERE, SEND ME A JOKE, DRAWING, POEM OR LETTER THAT'LL MAKE ME LAUGH. IF I PRINT IT, YOU'LL SOON BE WEARING ONE OF THESE!
Send your letters to: BANANAMAN, "NUTTY", P.O. Box 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London NW5 3BN.



J. ROWSE, CORNWALL.

Why do tall people make better weathermen than short people?

Because short people are the last ones to know when it's raining.

[redacted]

MARK HUTCHINSON, HULL.

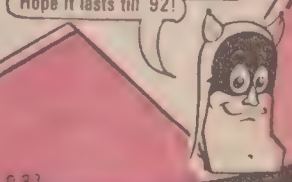
Why did the boy call his dog "SANDWICH"?

Because it was half-BRED!

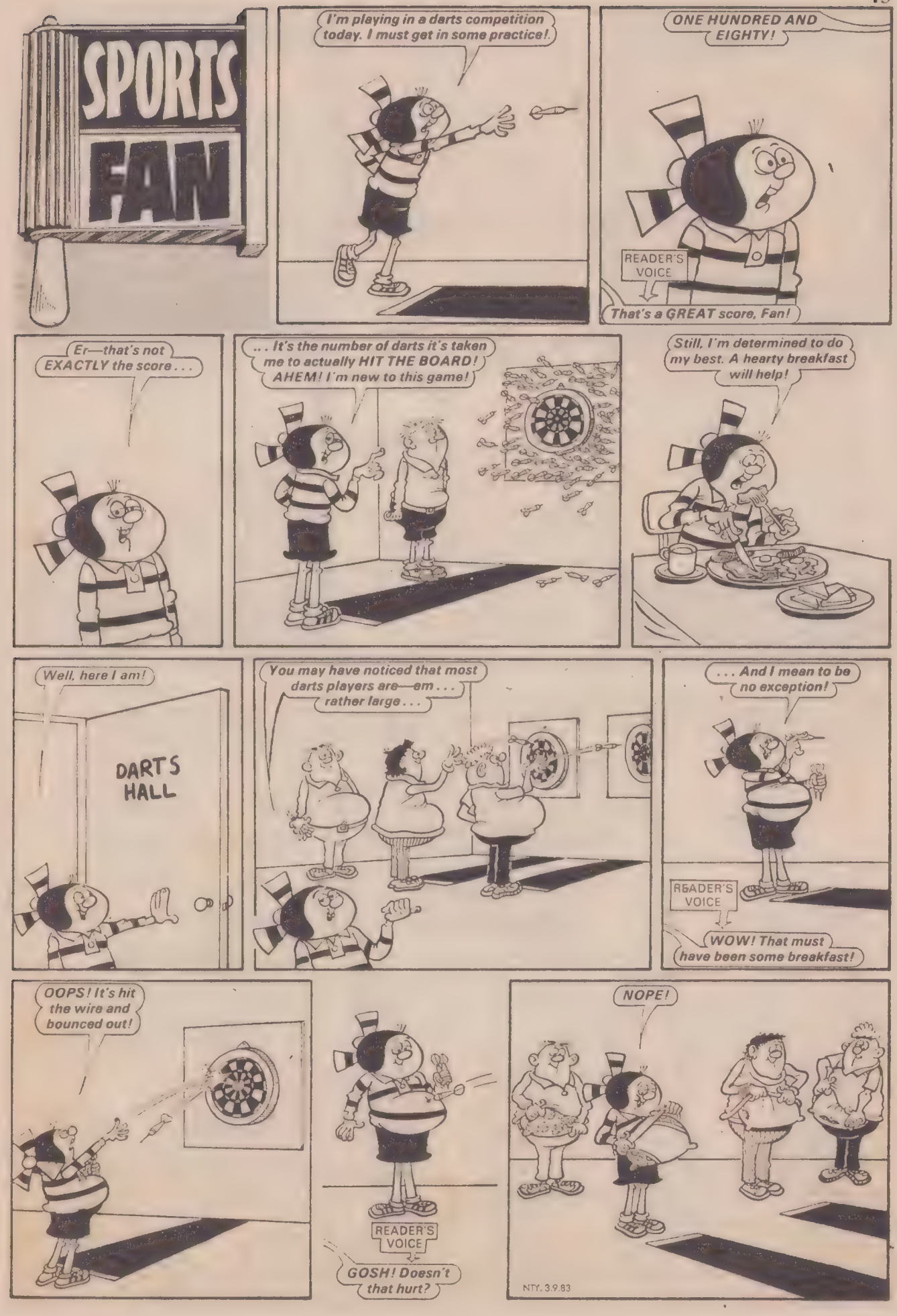
[redacted]

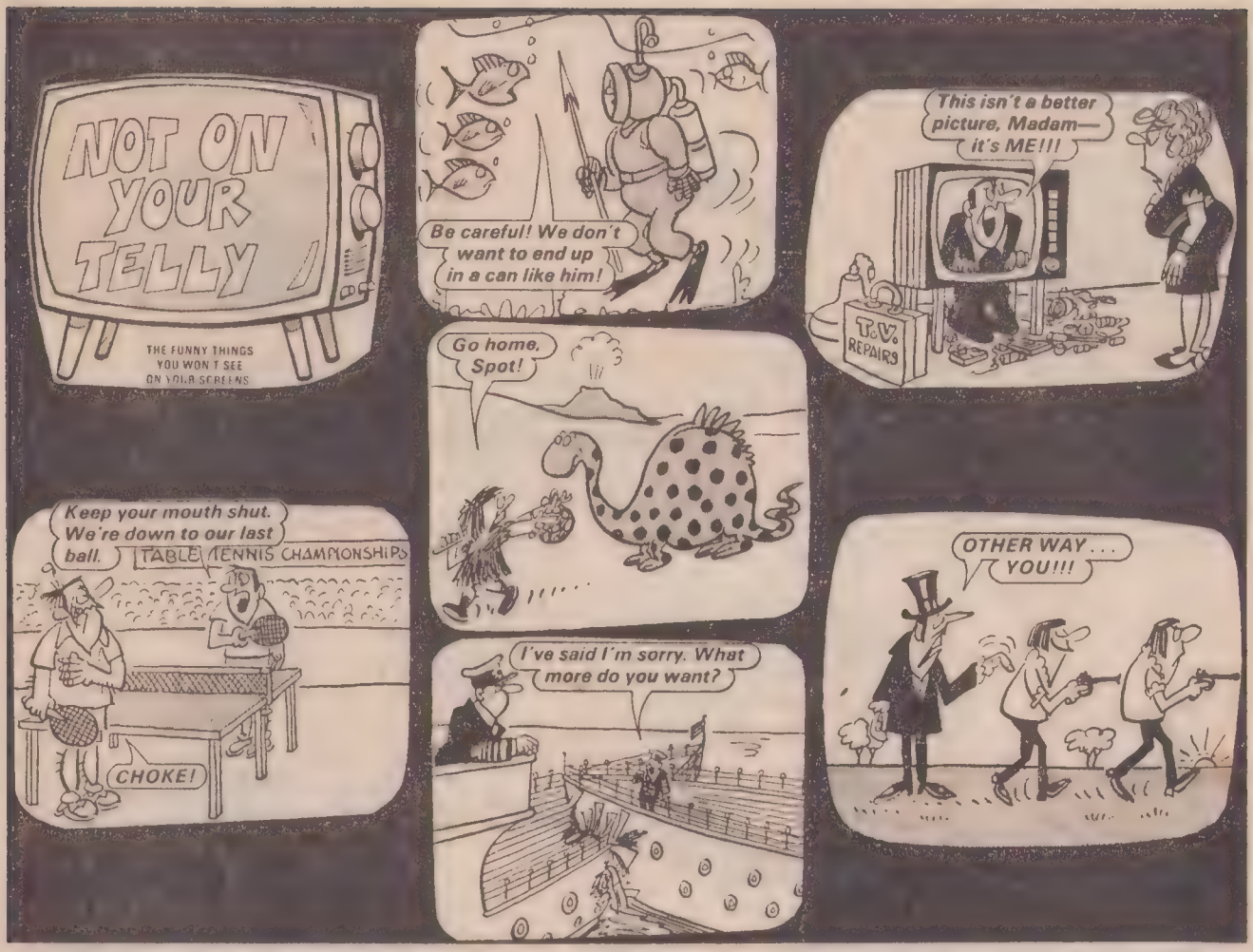
Dear Bananaman,
I have a bigger brother,
And every time, you see,
He gets a brand new T-shirt
The old one comes to ME!
But if you print this letter
I'll have a new one too,
And I will be a fan of yours
Till 1992!!!

NATHAN FRENCH, WOOTTON.



P.S. DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE (IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) WITH YOUR LETTER!


SPORTS FAN
I'm playing in a darts competition today. I must get in some practice!.
ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY!
READER'S VOICE
That's a GREAT score, Fan!
Er—that's not EXACTLY the score . . .
. . . It's the number of darts it's taken me to actually HIT THE BOARD! AHEM! I'm new to this game!
Still, I'm determined to do my best. A hearty breakfast will help!
Well, here I am!
DARTS HALL
You may have noticed that most darts players are—em . . . rather large . . .
. . . And I mean to be no exception!
READER'S VOICE
WOW! That must have been some breakfast!
OOPS! It's hit the wire and bounced out!
READER'S VOICE
GOSH! Doesn't that hurt?
NOPE!
NTY. 3.9.83


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS
Be careful! We don't want to end up in a can like him!
This isn't a better picture, Madam— it's ME!!!
T.V. REPAIRS
Go home, Spot!
Keep your mouth shut. We're down to our last ball.
TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS
CHOKE!
I've said I'm sorry. What more do you want?
OTHER WAY... YOU!!!

NTY 3.9.83

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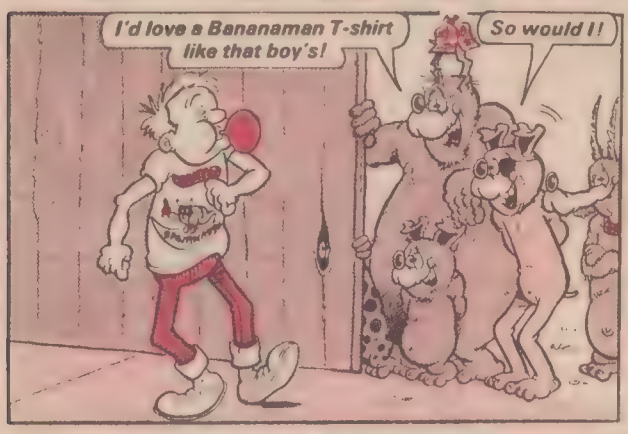
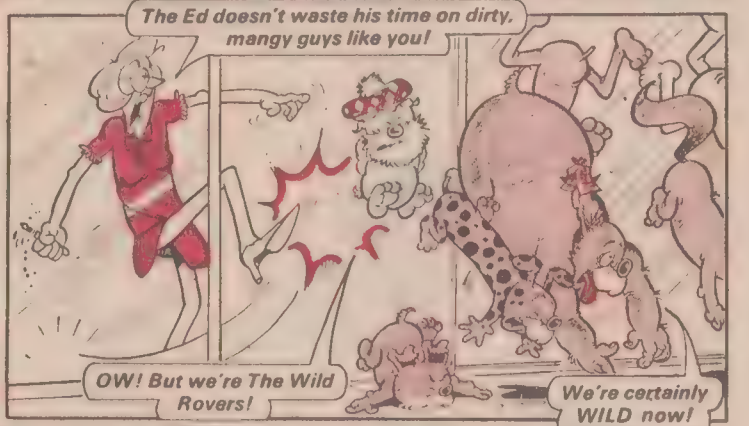
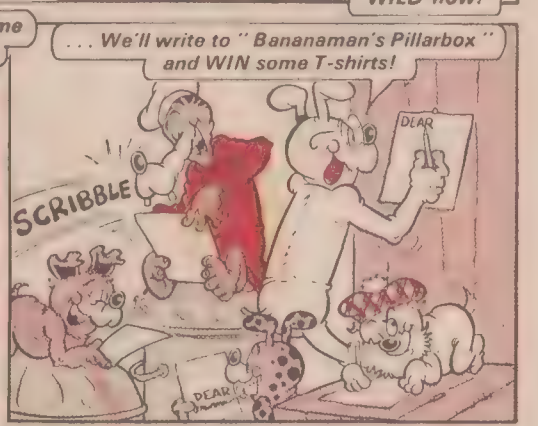
SNOOZER
Tum-ti-tum! Time to change Snoozer's bed!
BUT –
SNOOZER! C'MON! GET UP!
ZZZ!
Don't worry, Mum! I'll get him up!
SNORE!
WAKEY-WAKEY!
GAAGH! STILL asleep!
ZZZ!
He's not even feeling THIS!
ZZZ!
No wonder! The cheeky rascal's using a pillow as protection!
ZZZ!
MUM HAS AN IDEA—
WHISPER! WHISPER!
Eh? Whassat?
WHAT?
Ho! Ho! That did it!
What on Earth did you say, Mum?
Must hurry!
I simply told him today was NUTTY day and it would be sold out if he didn't get down to the newsagent's!
CHUCKLE!
Hope I'm not too late!
NTY. 3.9.83

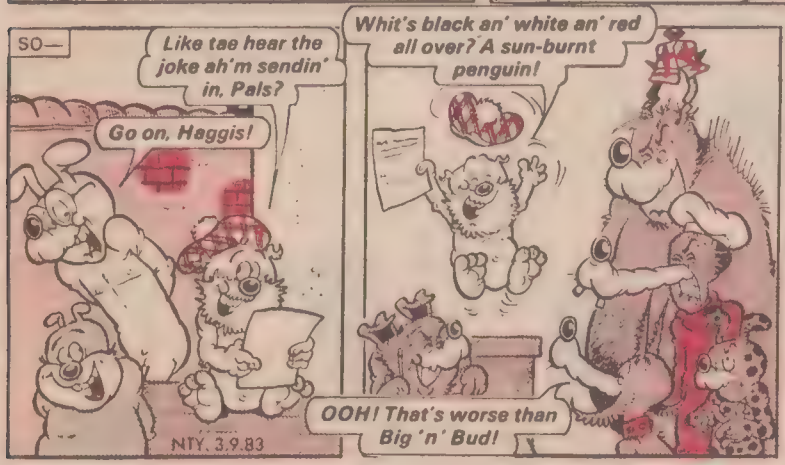
THE WILD

HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH SONGH PATCH LADY








SO—
Like tae hear the joke ah'm sendin' in, Pals?
Go on, Haggis!
Whit's black an' white an' red all over? A sun-burnt penguin!
OOH! That's worse than Big 'n' Bud!
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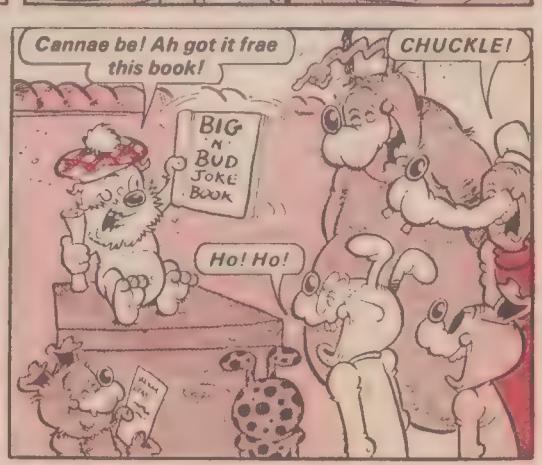
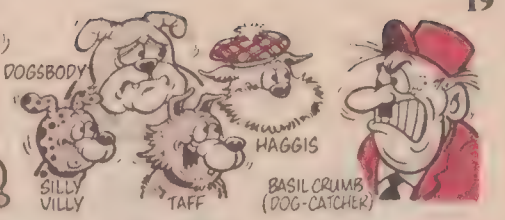
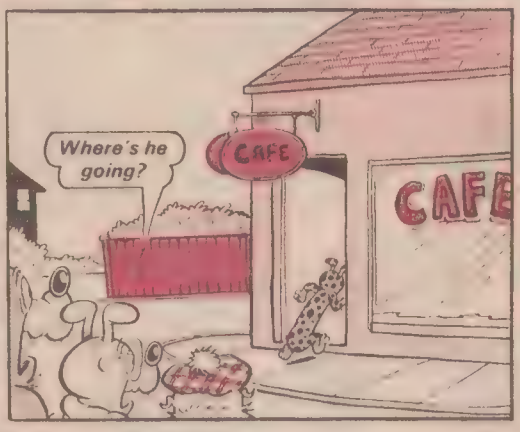
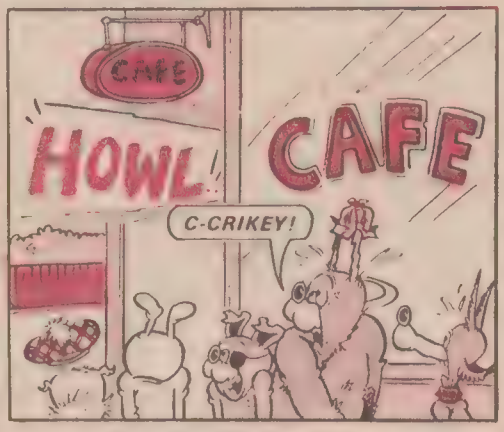


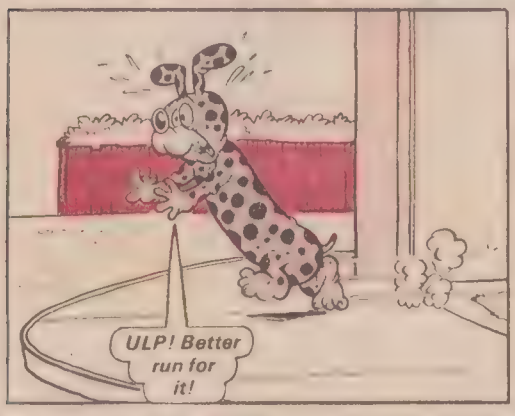
ROVERS

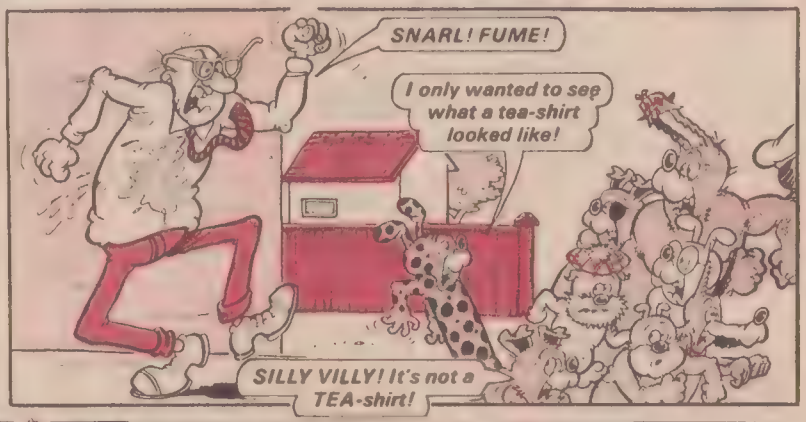

DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

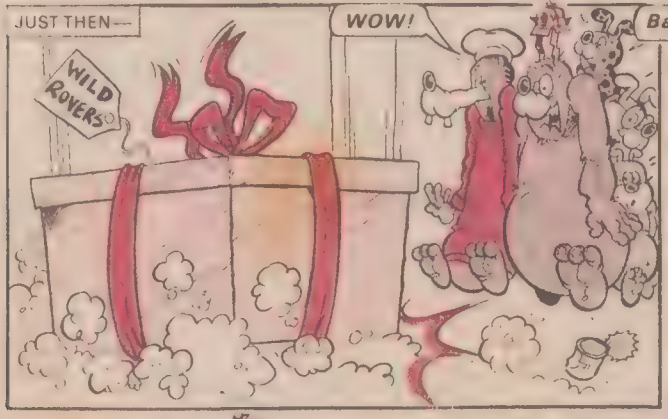
SUDDENLY—
AHA!
What's up, Silly Villy?

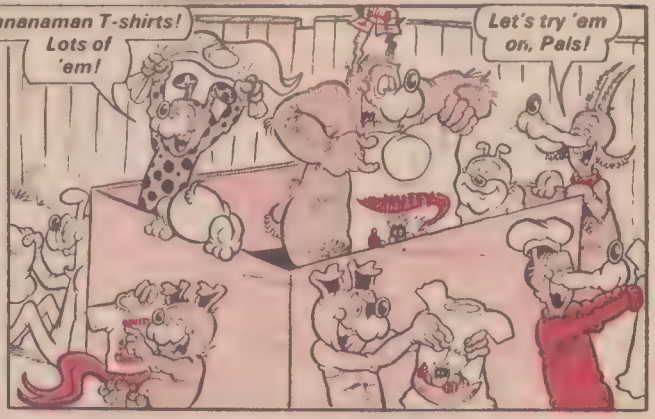

Where's he going?
CAFE
CAFE

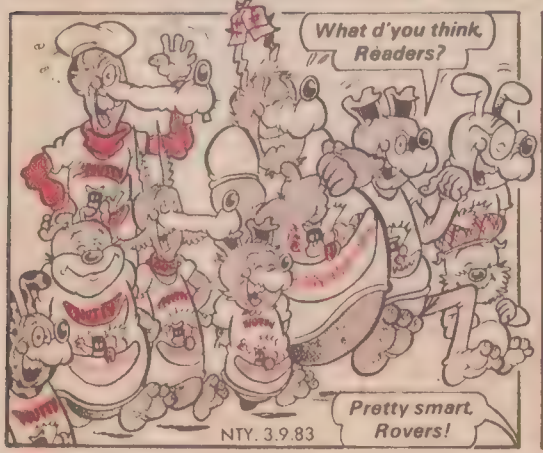

CAFE
HOWL
CAFE
C-CRIKEY!


ULP! Better run for it!


SNARL! FUME!
I only wanted to see what a tea-shirt looked like!
SILLY VILLY! It's not a TEA-shirt!


JUST THEN—
WOW!
WILD ROVERS


Bananaman T-shirts! Lots of 'em!
Let's try 'em on, Pals!


What d'you think, Readers?
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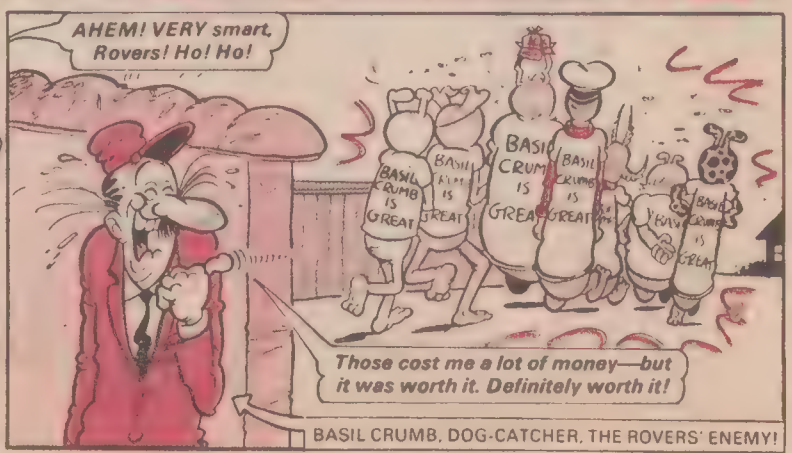
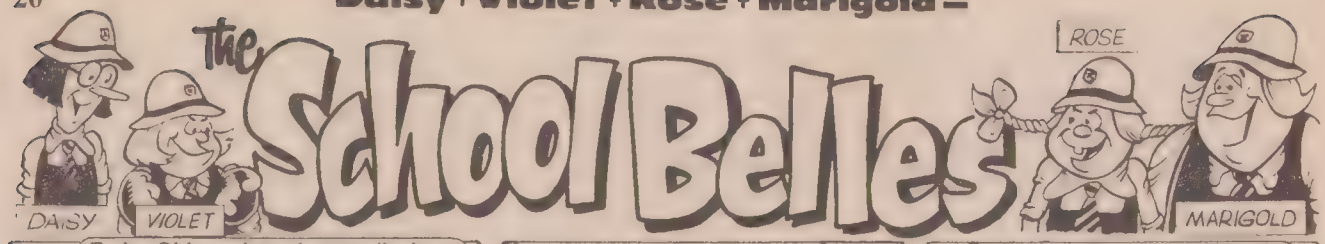
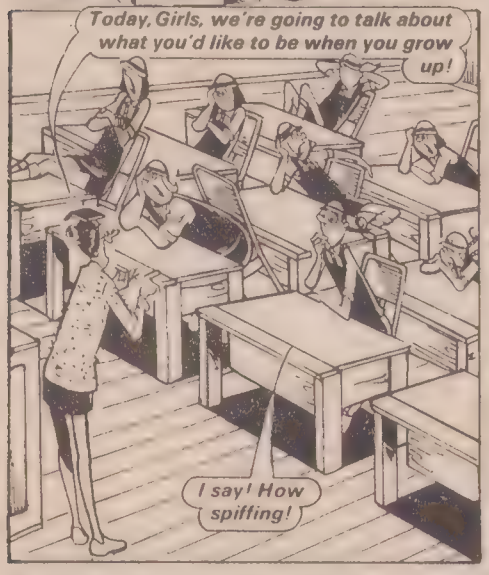
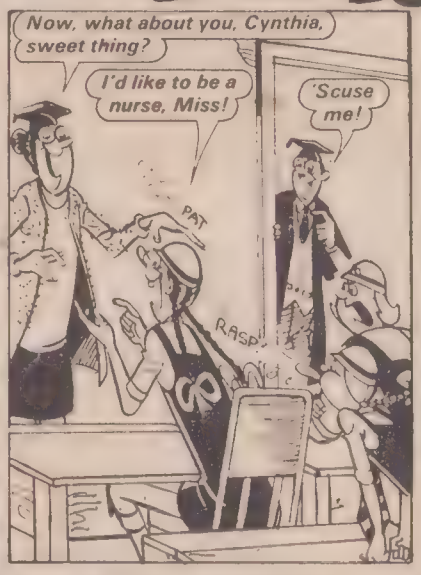
Pretty smart, Rovers!

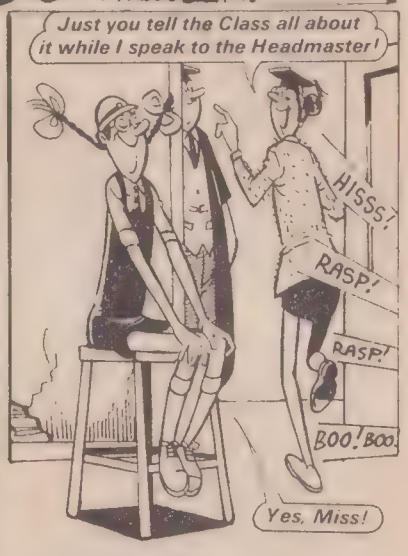

AHEM! VERY smart, Rovers! Ho! Ho!
BASIL CRUMB IS GREAT
Those cost me a lot of money—but it was worth it. Definitely worth it!
BASIL CRUMB, DOG-CATCHER, THE ROVERS' ENEMY!

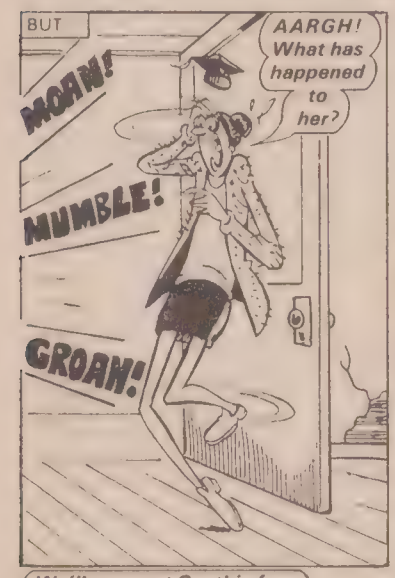
the School Belles











I think I'd be quite good at it, don't you?
YOOP!
TOSS
WOW!
AARGH!
OW!
CRASH!
Come down from there at once, Violet!
At once, Miss!
. . . And I'll show you how I'd like to be a stuntwoman!
WHOOPEE!
LEAP
CRUNCH!
OOPS!
CRASH!
OOF!
AARGH!
Actually, I never intended to be a teacher at all! I wanted to be something quite different when I was a gel!
What, Miss? Do tell us!
I'll do better than TELL you! I'll SHOW you!
GOSH!
BOOK CUPBOARD
Just step in here for a moment, Belles!
The book cupboard?
There! Gotcha!
OY!
SLAM!
You see, I always wanted to be a prison officer!
LET US OUT!
BANG
BAM!
THUMP!
HO-HO! Well done, Miss!
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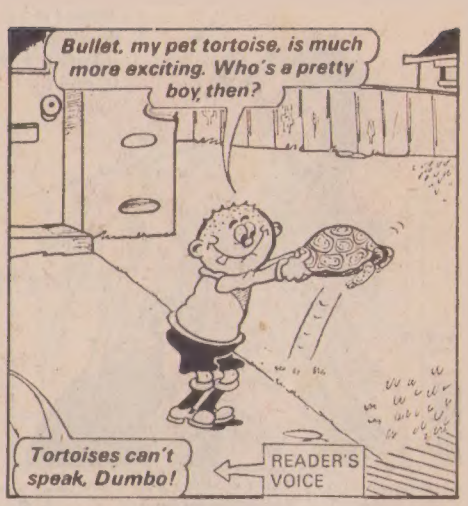
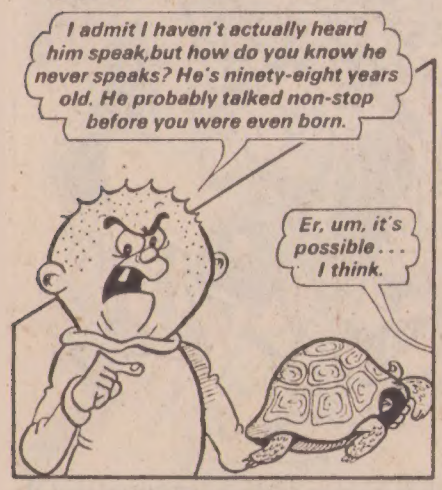
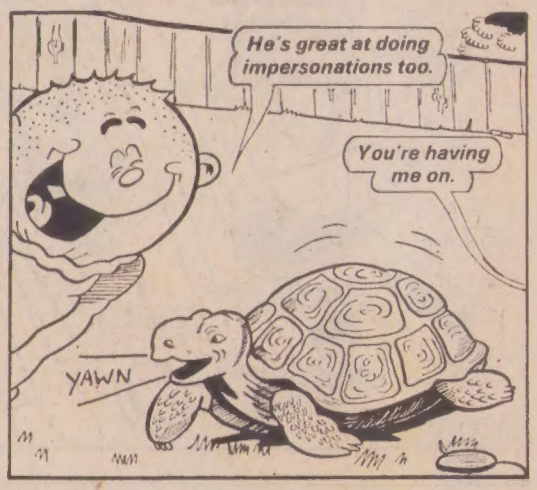
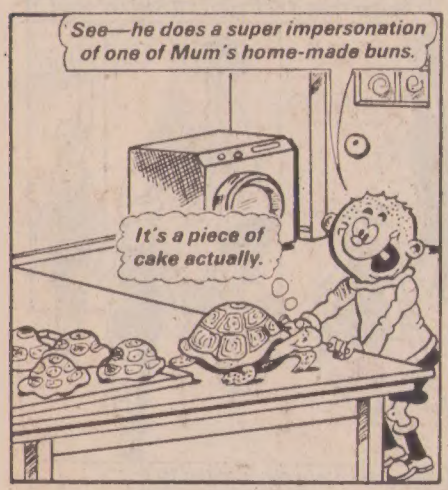
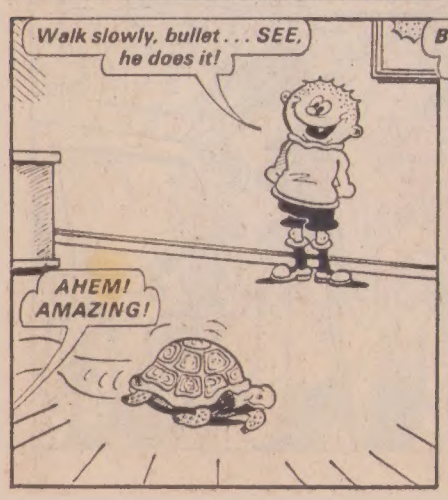
TWEET WILLIAM

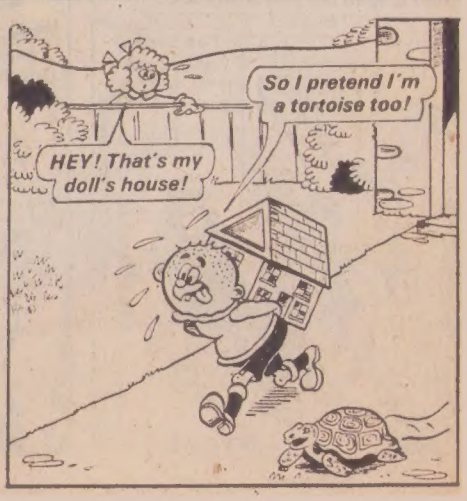



I admit I haven't actually heard him speak, but how do you know he never speaks? He's ninety-eight years old. He probably talked non-stop before you were even born.
Er, um, it's possible . . . I think.

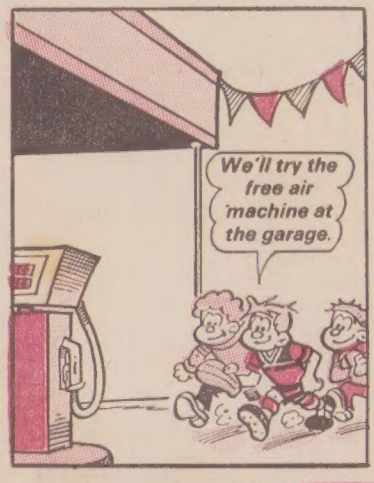


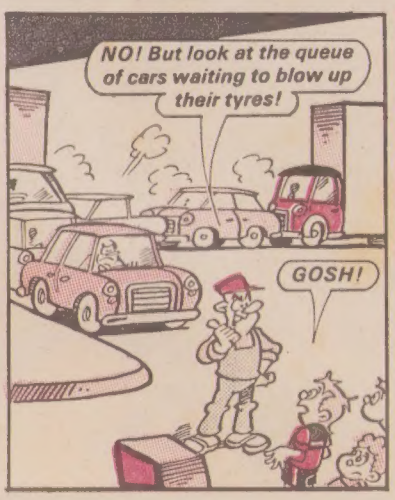


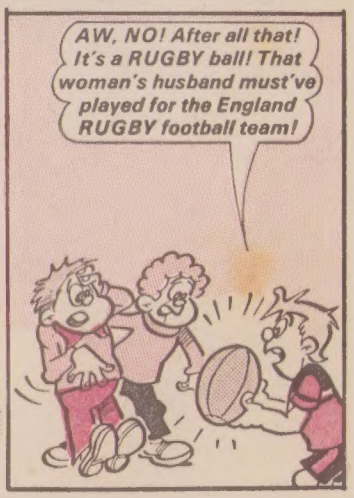




Cannonball Kid







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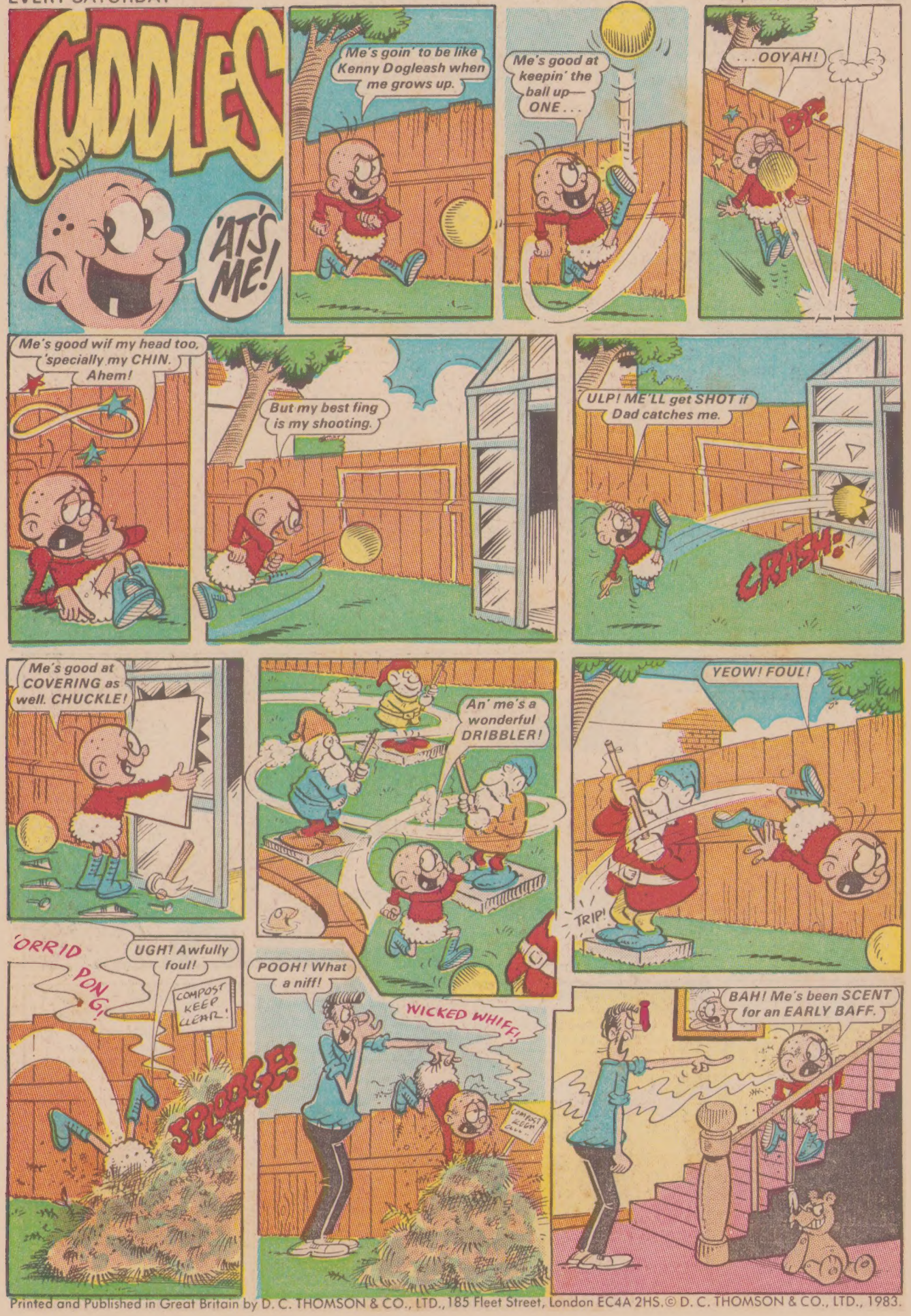
CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Me's goin' to be like Kenny Dogleash when me grows up.
Me's good at keepin' the ball up— ONE...
...OOYAH!
BIP!
Me's good wif my head too, 'specially my CHIN. Ahem!
But my best fing is my shooting.
ULP! ME'LL get SHOT if Dad catches me.
CRASH!
Me's good at COVERING as well. CHUCKLE!
An' me's a wonderful DRIBBLER!
YEOW! FOUL!
TRIP!
'ORRID PONG!
UGH! Awfully foul!
COMPOST KEEP CLEAR!
SPLODGE!
POOH! What a niff!
WICKED WHIFF!
BAH! Me's been SCENT for an EARLY BAFF.

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